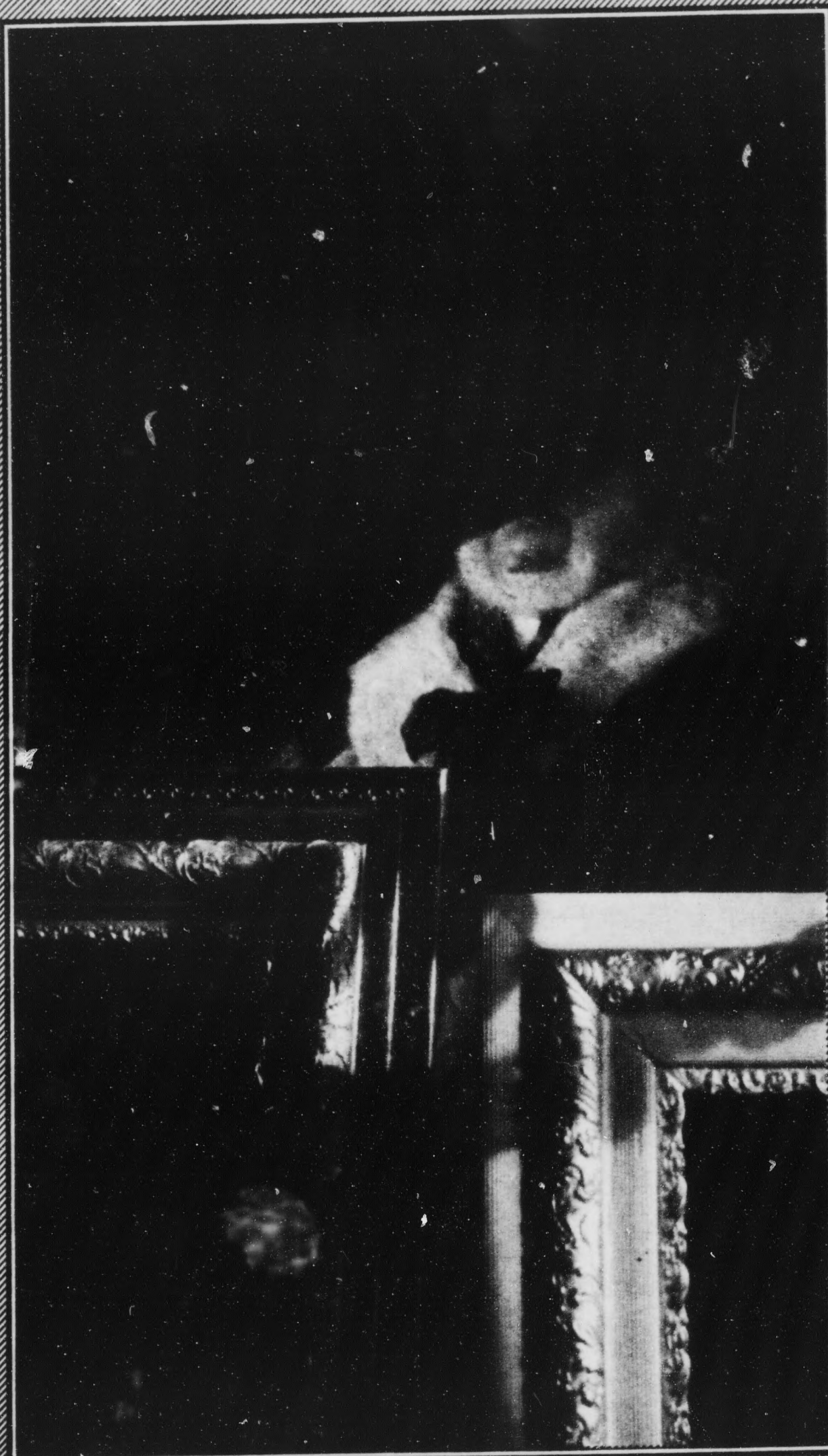


THE UNIVERSITY REVIEW

THE LITERARY MONTHLY • OCTOBER 1991



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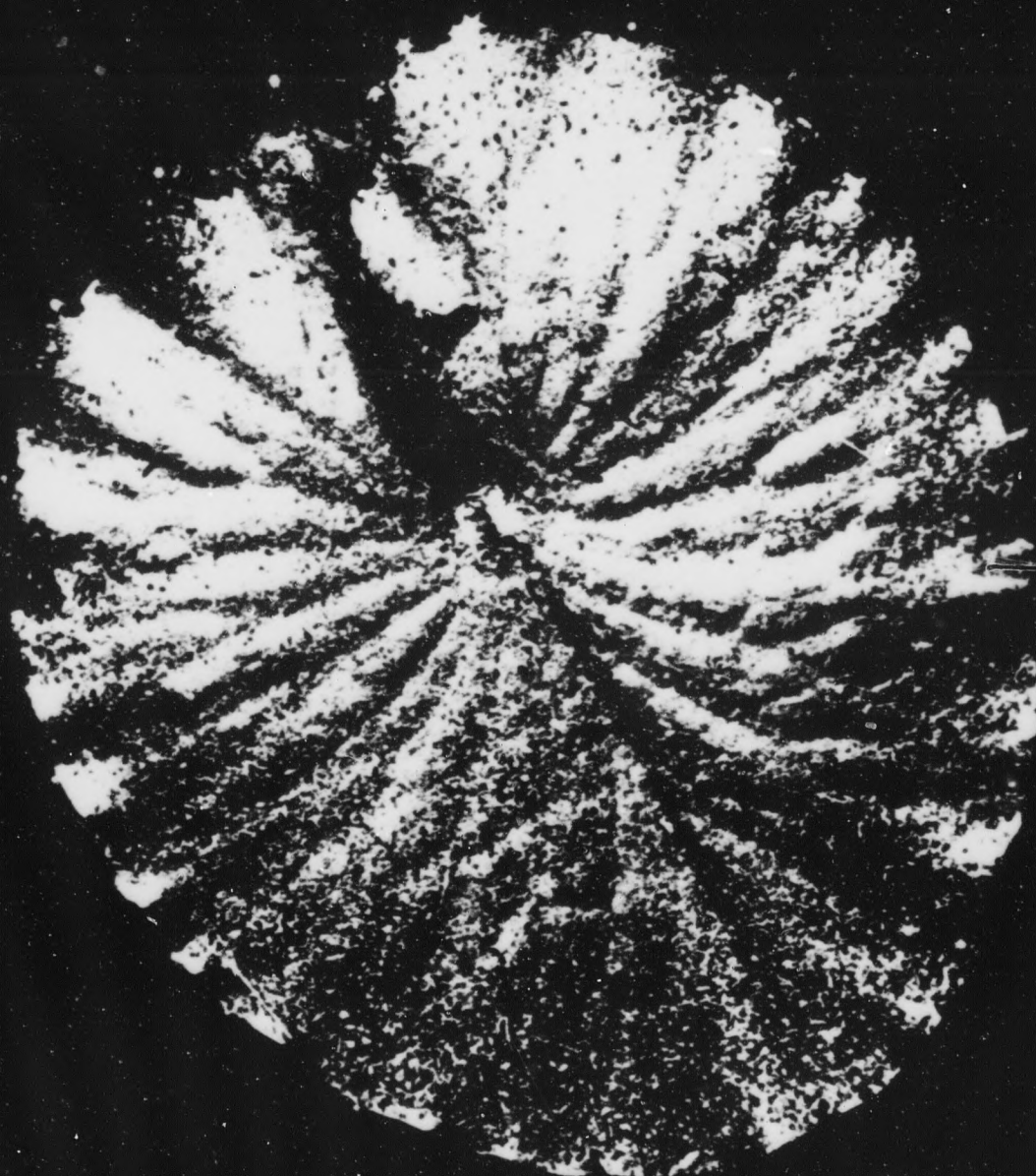
Gallery
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Oct.
1991

Albatross

By Diane Roach

*Writing is like watching an albatross
Taking off in flight.
There are several false starts,
Some flops and lots of
Shed feathers forming a cloud.
A few spills and near misses,
And then when you're finally sure
That nothing is going to happen,
That big, ungainly bird hits the sky.
And there is nothing more beautiful
Than an albatross in flight.*



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Editor's note:

The University Review is a monthly publication of literature, poetry, essays, artwork and photographs. The first issue was published on October 27, 1989. Submissions are taken from students, faculty and staff of California State University, Sacramento.

A special thanks to all who contributed their time to this publication, especially Deanna McIsaac, Jason Roman and T.J. Salsman.

Thank you,
Kimberly Carroll, UR editor

ESSAY

How Deep Are My Roots?

By Christopher McSwain

There is a line that divides whites from other groups in the United States. It is the line of ethnicity. On one side, there are those who are ethnic and on the other, there are those who aren't.

I first questioned my ethnicity a couple years ago when I was working on a special section of the State Hornet celebrating Mexican culture, and I was the only non-Chicano working on it. In the acknowledgements, written by the assistant section editor, she wanted to make a generalization about the staff. "Two Mexicans and a ...," she wrote.

"What do you want to be called? Anglo? White? Caucasian?" she asked me.

I didn't know what to answer. I'm more than white. Caucasian is so anthropological. In addition to being Anglo, I'm also Italian, German and Scottish; so Anglo isn't accurate. The most applicable title for me was "American" I told her, but that wouldn't exactly fit in the context of the phrase.

I conceded to being called an Anglo, but I still resent the necessity of being put in a box that I really don't fit in. My being Anglo was not equivalent with their being Mexican. They have something I want, and I wish I knew how to get it.

While European culture dominates American life,

European ethnicity has been whitewashed. There is a difference between culture and ethnicity. European culture has always permeated my life, but I feel no belonging to an ethnic group.

I, like almost all Americans, participate in European traditions and culture: Christmas trees, Shakespeare, Michaelangelo, Tchaikovsky. I need not be German, English, Italian or Russian to appreciate them.

However, to be ethnic requires more than an appreciation of culture; it requires an emotional attachment, an identification with the artist, the writer, the patriot, that extends deeper than cognitive thought.

But I, as a white American, do not have that sort of emotional response to Cervantes or Beethoven. I have a love for their works, not because we share an ethnic heritage, but instead because it's part of the culture I've been taught in school.

I am not a "European-American." It doesn't mean that much to me. I can be identified by my nationality and the color of my skin but not by my ancestors' homeland.

I visited this year's Scottish Games in Santa Rosa. Both my of my parents' surnames are Scottish (McSwain and Henderson), so we have become interested in Scotland's culture:

bagpipes; kilts; big, dark, gloomy castles.

It was my second trip to the games, and I expected to feel more familiar there, but instead the experience was still foreign. It remained someone else's heritage, not mine. It was not my ethnicity, and I don't think it ever can be. Putting on a kilt will continue to be like wearing a Halloween costume. I am not a Scot; I am a white American.

I expect that my deep religious roots are similar to others' ethnic roots. I have an emotional reaction to my Roman Catholic faith that goes far beyond theology. I had a bizarre sense of pride when the Pope was invited to visit the Soviet Union recently. I don't agree with the Pope much, but he's my Pope, and that's enough.

I believe that is what it's like to belong to one of these ethnic groups: to have a connection to people and places that defies explanation.

Perhaps there is so much conflict between white Americans and ethnic minorities because whites do not understand the ethnic (not cultural) bonds that bind each group together and separates them from whites.

A resolution to our race problems may lie in one of two futures: whites regain their ethnicity or the minorities lose theirs. God help us.

Paradise Reprise

By Douglas Plazak

Semi-immortality

Is like halfway across the skies,
And with a glimpse of surreality,
See the Phoenix on the rise.
A kind of empty-handed destiny
Will guide us if we try....
To the all-consuming majesty
That is the "Paradise Reprise"

Ineluctability

Is just a fate we all devise,
But if we strip away the fantasy
We could look between the lines.
With nothing here to hold us captively,
No sweet, serene, surprise....
Why don't we break through to the majesty
That is the "Paradise Reprise"

Insurmountability

Is hesitation in disguise,
But with a hint of sheer tenacity
We'll come through with open eyes.
The Universe is still, expectantly,
What is your reply...?
Are you ready for the majesty
That is the "Paradise Reprise"

Semi-Immortality

Is like a dream that we've all sized,
But if we slip into infinity
Who could say what future lies?
They say the end is just a mystery,
But we all gotta die....
So let us jump into the majesty
That is the "Paradise Reprise"

Trying to Sleep

By Kimberly Carroll

The shadows stare in at me through the window as I try to sleep. They create odd diamond shapes on the walls and the bed. Blinking and blinking, my eyes just won't stay closed. I try to get comfortable by flipping over on to my stomach, but it's no better. I grope through the darkness to reach the light. With a quick flip of the switch, the diamonds disappear and my room is completely illuminated. I see my things strategically placed around

my room — bookshelf next to desk, dresser next to closet, fan next to bed. I need that fan. It's too hot. Even with the blades spinning at such a high rate, I can't seem to cool off. I push my comforter on to the floor with my feet. "So sticky, so hot," I think. How long will this damn heat persist?

I recall the most recent break from the heat. It terrified me. Sleeping so peacefully, so contently, I was rudely awakened from my

slumber by a raucous noise. A thunder storm. I lied there thinking the crashing would stop, but it didn't. It went on and on, getting louder and louder. The rain rattled my screen. I felt like the storm was after me, hunting me down in my bedroom. I was fearful.

I buried myself under the covers, but the pounding became more intense. The lightning

See Sleep on p.9

Remember That Guy From California?

By Michael J. Fitzgerald

Twenty-five years of living in the place and consciousness known collectively as "California" had softened my memories of growing up in up-state New York.

I clearly remembered the stifling humidity, the cranky look police officers give *everyone* in Buffalo not sporting the gray pallor of natives, and the convoluted mish-mash of laws relating to the sale of alcohol. (Grocery stores sell beer, but not wine. Package liquor stores can sell wine and "hard liquors" like Tequila and Triple Sec, but not lime juice because it is a "grocery" item. So much for one-stop shopping.)

But in my years of enjoying the nearly endless summers of California, I had forgotten some of the easy rhythms that keep life at a livable pace: a field remains a field long enough for a child to grow up playing sandlot baseball on it, houses belong to the same people for more than a year or two, shopkeepers actually own their businesses and don't pay homage to the Southland Corporation, neighbors remain neighbors long enough to establish informal cultural rituals to bind people into more than California-style communities with population signs saying "Welcome to Our Little City! Pop. 2 Million!"

It was at one of those rituals this summer — the Hector Fireman's Fair on the shores of Seneca Lake in Central New York — that I realized what I have missed living more than twenty years in California, the ability to view the past through the present, even if it's sometimes unsettling.

If the Hector Fireman's Fair has escaped scrutiny from your vantage point here in the Golden State, it's not surprising. The Hector Fireman's Fair erupts on a two-acre site adjacent to the firehouse of the two-

engine Hector Fire Department early each July into a melange of booths with local people selling barbecued chicken, homemade pies, steaming shrimp and clams, and passing out paper cups filled with beer — all at a furious pace. The usual array of virtually unwinnable contests of skill take up the center area: dart games with iron-skinned balloons, milk bottles that won't tip even when blasted with a Sandy Koufax-style pitch, and glass dishes that act like trampolines whenever a dime attempts to land.

There are the rides, too, of course, wild spinning tilting wheels where youngsters test their mettle by seeing who can ride the longest without expectorating hot dogs, cotton candy and colas onto a crowd of anxious parents and other adults clutching beers, wondering about the wisdom of *their* climbing aboard the Tilt-A-Whirl, the Writhing Snake, or the Nausea Express in memory of their childhoods.

A dunk tank, where for \$1 you get three chances to throw a baseball and dump the local banker, your elementary school teacher, or your ex-husband or wife into a tank of greasy water, was a particular favorite. Because everyone seemed to know everyone else, the person sitting ready to be dumped could hurl fabulous insults at the crowd to goad people into ponying up a dollar — all for the good cause of buying more fire trucks.

"Hey Roy, got yer wife's stretch pants on? Har, Har!"

Inside the firehouse, long tables stained by spaghetti sauce from innumerable fund-raising dinners were crowded with serious-faced bingo players propped up on folding metal chairs, who somehow seemed able to keep four or five bingo cards going all at once while smoking a cigarette and balancing a full beer on a knee. These bingo players — and the crowds wandering around the rides, games and booths — were not the

well-dressed, carefully coiffured Californians that grace the pages of the advertising sections of Sunday newspapers.

There were clear signs of real poverty, poor nutrition and so many people missing front teeth that it appeared normal to be able to spit without opening one's mouth.

But beneath the fair's veneer of games, food, drink and cigarette smoke, this was a social gathering and story-swapping session as serious as any Indian ritual of legend in which the history of the people passes on from generation to generation and — in this case — the clan marks time dated from other Hector Fireman's Fairs of other years. Though some people live only a few miles from each other, bitter cold New York winters and wagon trails masquerading as highways force a lack of mobility Californians would find intolerable. For these folks, the fair is *the* summer social event — perhaps the only time they

Graphic by Mike Cosper
ever see many of their friends.

I went to the fair and watched and listened for three days, (three days!) because in Hector, the home of the Hector Fireman's Fair, anything less than three days attendance is construed as contempt for community spirit.

Margaret Mead might have learned something had she studied the social customs of this upstate New York farm community even given the odd nuances of the language used to convey important news. Although full of meaning, it was most often less-than-elegant.

"Seen old Elbert around this year?"

"Nope"

"He die?"

"Yup."

"Too bad."

"Yup."

My arrival at the Hector Fireman's Fair came after attending my twenty-five-year high school reunion

See Remember on p.5



I Mean What I Say

By Alice Boozer

I know a happy man
— I mean —
I know a man who thinks he's happy
I know a man who lives for the weekend
— I mean —
I know a man who kills himself during the week

I met a funny man
— I mean —
I met a man who is different from others
I met a man who works to live
— I mean —
I met a man who lives for his work

I see the men who work for pay
I hear the men whose work is play
I hope all men meet their desire
— I mean —
I pray all men enjoy reaching for their desire
— I mean —
what I say



Strawberries

By Susan L. Stafinbil

*When I stood this morning
cutting strawberries for breakfast,
I thought of you, now molding
and of the earth,
and how you must miss things
like red berries and breakfast.*

*But I imagined you
reaching now into all
that comes of the earth —
and into my strawberries —
and I felt sick to think of you
as breakfast
and I struggled to wash
that red juice from my hands.*

Remember from p.4

in nearby Jamestown, New York, an odd enough ritual itself, consisting mostly of shadowboxing with ghosts, comparing mature faces (and bodies) with pictures from a dusty yearbook, revisitations of exaggerated episodes of youthful indiscretions, and shock at how little had really changed in twenty-five years.

The same cliques reformed to renew their tightly closed circles. The beautiful, unapproachable women remained, well, unapproachable anyway. And the athletes — those proud jocks who made touchdowns, body slammed opponents on wrestling mats and pitched the occasional no-hitter against schools noted mostly for institutional tendencies towards genetic myopia — the jocks sucked in their stomachs almost long enough to disguise the extra poundage they had assembled directly around their middles since their days of glory.

My California-dulled social senses were sharpened by the reunion, though, sharpened enough that I slowly began to comprehend the meaning and critical historical perspectives the community of the Hector area (which actually includes people from all up and down the lake and the neighboring countryside) offered as it reunited at the fair to catch up on the whereabouts of grown children, the details about the latest divorces, juicy affairs and remarriages, and to speak in somber tones about those who had "gone away."

The "gone away" people were not all deceased, I realized after hearing (and overhearing) several of these solemn conversations. Many of the conversations were about people who, perhaps for reasons of economics, some real or imagined disgrace, or simply because of wanderlust, moved away from the area and become part of a legion who had simply "gone away" and thus were the subject of speculation, some sadness, though oddly enough, rarely any

envy.

The "gone aways" were people, like myself and my wife, who years ago actively fought the seductive sense of community offered, so that we might "see the world," when, in fact, the world was, of course, in Hector and the places like it.

After so many years of absence, I felt like an alien being, a feeling reinforced by being clad in the classic uniform of the summer Californian — T-shirt, khaki shorts and (gasp) sandals — a sharp contrast to the "Bush Hog" baseball caps, Levis and work boots sported by most of the men clustered around the beer tent where stout women with names like Ethel, Irene and Helen stacked paper beer cups on the counter.

Conversations stopped until my identity was clearly established as a native New Yorker.

"Oh, you just live in California, but you grew up around here?"

"Yup."

Suddenly I was "in," and the fact that I had all my teeth, don't smoke or play bingo were unimportant. I

"After so many years of absence, I felt like an alien being, a feeling reinforced by being clad in the classic uniform of the summer Californian ..."

had grown up nearby, living in a house on the shore of an upstate New York Lake. I understood that there are four seasons and that studs weren't just the guys swaggering around the fair. Studs also referred to the tiny metal pegs put in snow tires to get you up hills that defy studless automobiles in February. I was one of *them*, despite the obvious aberration in my choice of coasts on which to reside.

Had I been a native son of the Golden West, the rich details about life and death and less-rich — but interesting — tidbits about the ongoing shortage of good bait to catch trout might have been kept from me. It was obvious that the universal dream of living happily ever after is as common in upstate New York as in Sacramento. And so are the frustrations of life that seem to keep that from

happening.

When the fair ended in a wild pyrotechnic display near twelve on the third night and the crews who ran the rides began pulling apart the ferris wheel under a spotlight, the people looked at each other closely as they walked to their cars, saying final goodbyes.

After all, there was already next year's Hector Fireman's Fair to look forward to, and the year after that and the year after that and after that and after that.

I knew though, I would be one of the "gone aways" and I wondered what they would think.

"Remember that guy from California?"

"Yup."

"He here?"

"Nope."

"Hmm..."

"Hmm..."

THE UNIVERSITY **GALLERY**



Photo by Karen Misener

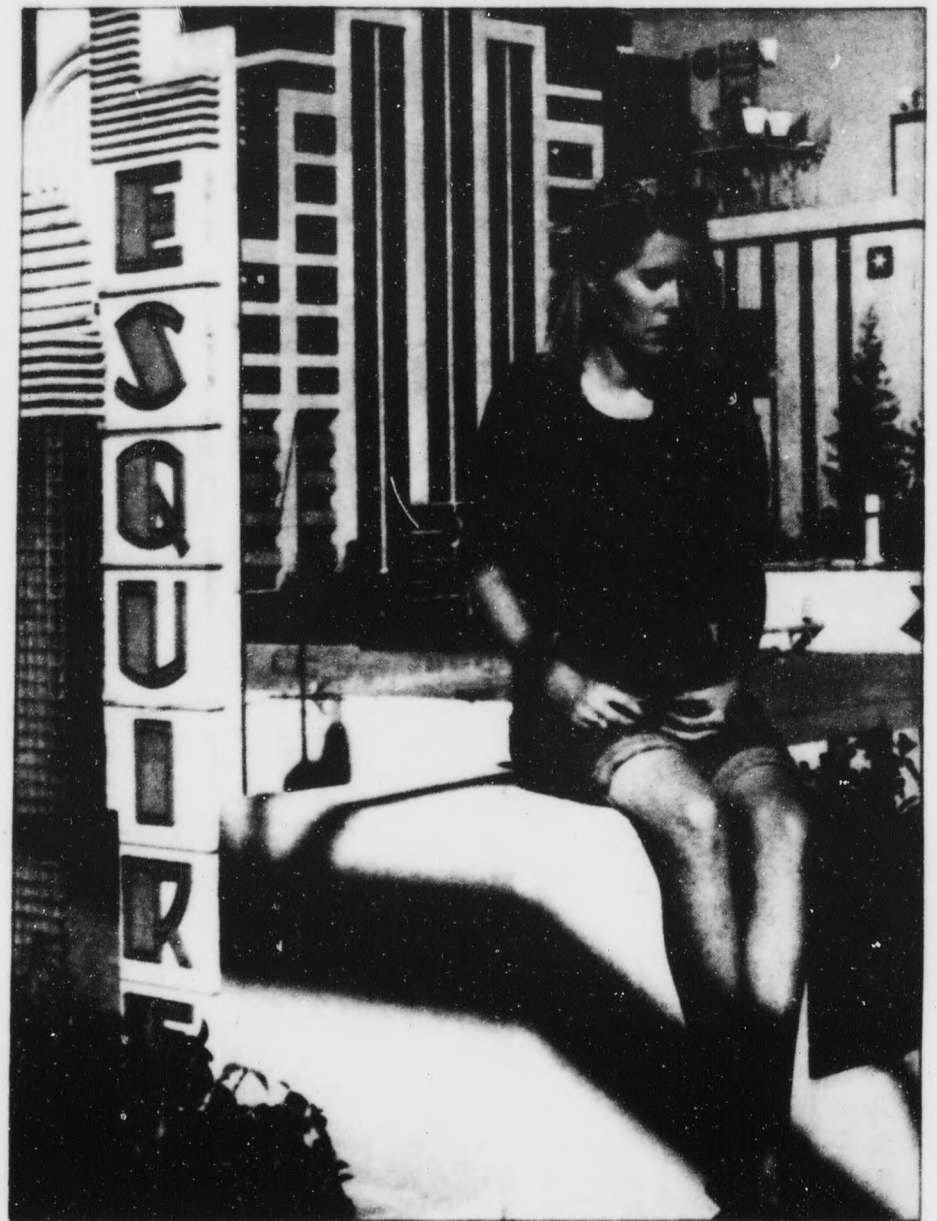


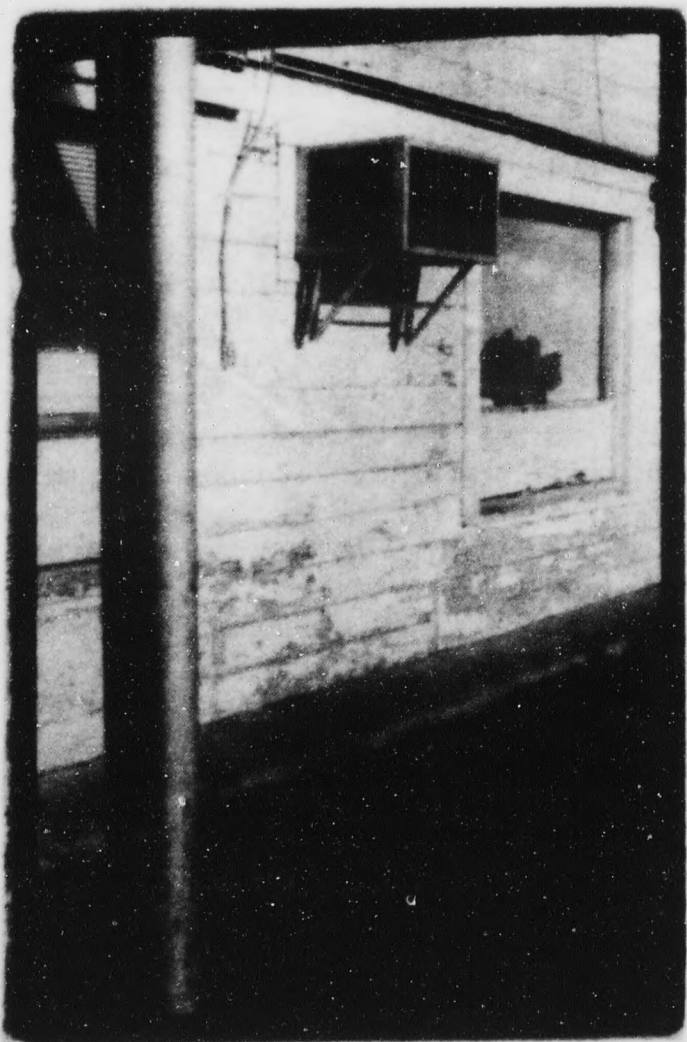
Photo by Rachel Orvino



Photo by Carolyn Camilli



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Photos by T.J. Salsman

Destinies

By Russ Albright

This was the high-desert country. Absolutely uncompromising in its demands, the crystal clear landscape extended in all directions to sharply outlined granite peaks, which kept a lonely vigil over the scrub brush and sand.

It was just dawn and the sun's warmth caught the beauty of the storm-washed land and enhanced the pungent smell of the desert sage. The man had spent the night huddled inside a small line shack that threatened to collapse at each fresh gust of wind. That such a morning could follow such a hellish night amazed him. All the elements combined to make this the country he loved. It was a land of grand vistas and constant change that became a reliable companion for a loner such as himself.

Following the Civil War, he had wandered westward along with thousands of other restless young men seeking a new and better lifestyle which could erase some of the horrors of war. He had participated in a war fought with dated tactics and modern weapons accounting for incredible carnage. It had indelibly changed his life. He had brought along some dreams of settling, perhaps raising a family and creating something of lasting quality with his life. The hugeness of the land had absorbed him and the thousands of men who had also pursued similar new lives. Work had been easy to find in the developing country, and the years had passed quickly. Friends and acquaintances made had drifted apart as he traveled west. Now he was considered an old man, a saddle tramp, working out his years on the large cattle spreads. He had not acquired any security other than his reputation as an able and reliable hand in working the large herds that speckled the landscape. He tried not to reflect on the passing years or on the prospects of the future. He was thirty-six years old and bore all the scars of a demanding physical occupation and the store of practical knowledge attained as the years had passed. He had little in common with youngsters who now worked on the cattle ranches. As the country became more populated, range and water rights wars had become commonplace, and the demands on men to be able gunfighters as well as cattlemen had kept him drifting west. It was easy for him to move on as everything he owned he wore or could fit in a small bedroll tied to his saddle. He owned his cowpony because it gave him freedom to come and go at his own discretion, independent of the stage lines now becoming common in the West.

As he leaned forward in his saddle squinting through the early morning mist seeking out any signs or sounds of distressed cattle, he found himself fingering a small hole in the knee of his chaps. He thought back to when he had first bought those chaps in Texas on his way west. They had been so stiff he had to soak them in water to form them to his legs. He remembered wondering at the thickness of the horsehide at the time. Over the years, as they became more comfortable, he never realized they were wear-

ing thin as well. Now they, too, had become reminders of the passage of time.

His pony started and picked up his ears as he looked off to the southwest towards a stand of quaking aspens. He gave the pony his lead, nudging him lightly with his heels, and warily headed toward the spot. He kept his eyes constantly surveying the stand of trees, knowing from experience that most any number of problems could lie there. Marauders, cougar, bear or even rustlers could be in those trees.



He realized he was a lawman, like it or not, when he was on the range. Part of his job was the investigation and resolution of any problems arising around the herds. He eased his carbine out of the scabbard and proceeded toward whatever had captured the attention of his pony. Over the years he had become an expert in small arms even though he never advertised or sold his talents for that purpose. Whenever the ability to use weapons had become a prerequisite to employment, he had moved on, turning his back on some pretty good-paying jobs as foreman or lawman.

As he came within a hundred yards of the trees he realized that whatever was worrying his horse was lying low and had not taken off in flight. If someone or something was waiting in ambush, he needed to take some precautions. He decided to skirt the area and approach from the south, meanwhile watching for any sign of movement in the brush. He saw nothing while making the circuit, and knew he had no further options. He thought of going in on foot, but realized if it were a wild animal his odds for survival were much greater on horseback. This was especially true if the beast was injured or guarding its prey.

The first positive evidence that there was actually something in the trees was the discharge of a gun and a bullet plucking at the sleeve of his jacket and whining off toward the horizon. He immediately swung his pony around and down while dismounting. Whoever it was didn't want to shoot him or they were a very bad shot. He was only about forty yards away from the grove of trees when the

shot came. Not many people missed with a rifle as that range. Sheltered behind his horse he called out that he meant no harm. There was no reply and after several minutes he decided to chance a move. He waved his kerchief, knotted to the end of his rifle barrel back and forth slowly. He kept talking and saying that nobody had been hurt so far, and he was willing to wait out the situation for some time. Still, no response was forthcoming. When about one-half hour of calling passed, he made his move and slowly stood up behind his pony with his arms extended to indicate no weapons. Still, there was no response. Urging his mount to its feet, he proceeded towards the trees, keeping the horse between himself and the place from where the shot had come. He then saw the rifle barrel behind a log in a position indicating it was not manned, and he quickly moved to that spot.

There on the ground was a young man who had been wounded by a shot in his shoulder. His eyes were wide in fear as he watched the cowboy. A few feet away lay his dead mount which had been killed by several gunshots. It was clear the youngster had been there during the night's storm and was in poor condition. He was suffering from exposure more than loss of blood from his wound, which didn't seem to be too serious. Making do with materials from his bedroll, the rider cleaned the wound and bandaged the boy's shoulder, binding it tightly. Next he set about starting a fire for warmth and heated some soup from the beans and dried beef from his saddlebag. It was early afternoon before the boy regained consciousness. The cowboy slowly calmed the boy's fears and managed to feed him some broth.

Following several attempts at conversation, the cowboy realized the boy did not speak English. He conveyed to the boy he was a friend and would like to help. Fear had left the young man's face, and he began to eat ravenously. Casually examining the boy's clothing and gear, the cowboy realized that the lad was not from these parts and wondered how he had found his way here. By much gesturing and pointing it was determined the young man had arrived here from a northerly direction. He probably had wandered through the unsettled territory beyond the Hedgepath Range that rose on the north of this plateau. The cowboy managed to find out if he had shot anyone, and the boy shook his head, shamefully, no. That was the first good news of their meeting and meant that they would probably survive the next few hours. The cowboy was sure that the storm was the only thing that saved the young man's life. It was not like a band of renegades to leave a job unfinished. They had apparently decided their quarry was dead or soon would be and had given up the hunt in order to find shelter in the hills for themselves.

The two strangers spent the next few days

See Destinies on p.9

Ghost Dancer

By Melinda Ramirez

*I have seen skeletons
dancing
dreams*

*have noticed
where they come from*

*I have seen skeletons
laughing
jumping
carrying on*

*I was too afraid
to ask them*

*"can I dance with you?
can I dance with you?
can I dance with you?"*

*until one day a girl
dressed in white
approached me;
frightened me enough
to make me run
but she told me do not
be alarmed because
all I want to do is dance.
So we danced.*



Graphic by Jose Lott

Untitled

By Tom Schetter, Jr.

There is a web in the corner
The beauty of the maker pulls
me in
Am I stuck in the web?
Am I backed into a corner?
I don't know, I can't think clearly
Need I speak or let fate continue?
I'm leery of that beauty
Is she behind me and smiling
coldly?
I'm caught in this web, in the
corner
Can I get away?
I wasn't pulled in.

Into the Blue

By Andrew Patrick Raposa

Into the blue we go
waters, dark and deep.
We dive from ancient platforms
and stories pass beneath our feet.

Destinies from p.8

together as the youngster regained his strength, and they began to learn to communicate better. It seemed that the boy had been part of a wagon train from a route north of the Hedgepaths and had gotten separated some time earlier while hunting small game. It had now been about a week since he got lost, and those members of the train had probably lost hope and proceeded west.

The cowboy figured about how far the wagon train would have gone and by avoiding the hostiles' territory entirely, they could travel west through the pass and meet the train by the Humboldt Sink in the western desert.

The following day he rode back to the line shack and picked up pack ponies corralled there and returned to the aspen grove. The youngster was able to ride, and they trailed westward toward the Humboldt. By riding and resting horses alternately, they were able to catch the slowly moving

wagon train near the foothills of the western Sierra Nevada.

*"It seemed that
the boy had
been part of a
wagon train ..."*

The family of the youngster was moved to tears of joy and the cowboy became an honored man while the train stopped to celebrate the lad's return. The boy's parents were German and spoke but limited English. The cowboy shyly declined the offer of the monies from the boy's family, but quickly accepted hot food and freshly-brewed coffee.

He rode out the next morning to whatever awaited him in his beloved desert country. It was good to be back on the trail again, alone, but happy. He never again heard from those members of the train and was unaware of being responsible for the last few hours of happiness for the ill-fated Donner Party.

"I stood by my roommate, and we watched the lightning as it passed over the apartment and moved north. Every few seconds the sky would burst into a pale shade of orange."

Sleep from p.3

bolts lit up my room. It was as if someone was standing in my doorway, repeatedly popping a flashcube. "Please stop. Just let me sleep," I pleaded.

It was then that I heard my roommate up, moving quietly through the apartment. Everything was fine now, I wasn't alone.

I sprang out of bed and ran into the hallway. "It's so loud, it scared me to death," I told her. "This is just like Florida," she said. There was excitement in her voice. "It's really cool."

How could she be so happy about the thunder? It terrorized our home. Booming and rumbling.

"I bet it's warm outside, just like the South," she said. She swung open the front door, and a burst of cool air came rushing in.

"Nope, I guess not," she said. Then she ran over to the kitchen window and pressed her face against the glass. "Look at those bolts of lightning. Not quite the forks like they have in

Florida," she told me.

I needed a drink of water. I went to the kitchen, took out a cow glass and filled it half way. I stood by my roommate, and we watched the lightning as it passed over the apartment and moved north. Every few seconds the sky would burst into a pale shade of orange. The storm was moving rapidly. The rain ceased, and it was finally over.

"It's done now. I'm going to bed," she said as she trotted back to her room. I stood there for a moment, sipping out of my cow glass. "It won't come back," I thought. It was time for me to go back to bed also. Walking back to my room I wondered, "Was it really so scary?" No, it was just noisy, that's all.

As I lie here, thinking of the storm, I can hear the buzz of my fan. It blows against my body. My skin starts to cool down. I flip off the light and adjust my pillows. Suddenly my eyes feel heavy. They want to close. I catch a last glimpse of my room, and I see my alarm clock. The red digits read 4:17 a.m. It's time to sleep.

Revenge

By Kent W. Leslie

The scent of human urine wafted gently from the alley in downtown Sacramento as Edison Baylor walked to the bus stop. It was an early fall morning, and he was trying to get to work early enough to get some work done before the rest of the employees filed in.

Yes indeed, Baylor was getting an early start. It was time once again to go through the file cabinets in the hopes of finding something interesting about some of his fellow employees.

Baylor had joined Hereford, Dunning and Parker because it was a respectable firm, had great opportunities for advancement, and had a very lax security system. His morning siftings through the file cabinets had become something of a Monday morning ritual, as he searched for anything, anything that might provide him an opportunity to advance in the business.

He got lucky last year, when he found Parker's phone list and discovered that Parker regularly made

came a junior accountant.

He got lucky again two months ago, when a senior accountant, D'Argen, made the mistake of filling out his ledgers in pencil. It took Baylor two minutes and a good eraser to make it look as if Baylor was embezzeling thousands of dollars. Soon, Baylor was a new senior accountant and D'Argen had committed suicide by throwing himself into a trash compactor.

He got lucky again yesterday, when he had found the key to Hereford's office. Hereford himself. The opportunities were endless. Who knows what the old man was hiding behind that lock and key in his office? Baylor would know, before the start of work today.

He felt the key in his pocket. Yes, indeed. An early start.

Baylor felt a rush of power. He quickened his pace. Nothing could stop him now ... or so he thought.

He had felt a twinge of guilt when Parker had been shot, but it passed quickly. He felt nothing at all when D'Argen crushed himself

"Baylor had joined Hereford, Dunning and Parker because it was a respectable firm, had great opportunities for advancement, and had a very lax security system."

phone calls to Auburn. A quick checkup revealed that Parker was keeping a mistress in Auburn, and an anonymous phone call to Mrs. Parker resulted in Parker's messy divorce, Parker's going insane during courtroom proceedings, and Parker's getting shot to death by a hyperactive bailiff. After about a month of embarrassment, everyone moved up and Baylor be-

came into a bloody human flapjack. But though Edison Baylor was on top of the world that day, he had never considered the effects of reincarnation.

He idly looked up at the sky, which was becoming bluer each moment. There was a small flock of ravens flying above his head. He watched them for about a minute as they flew from building to building.



Graphic by Mike Cosper

As Baylor passed by an apartment high-rise, a small dog on a second story fire escape began to yap at him.

"Shut up," mumbled Baylor.

The dog began to climb down the fire escape until it reached the ladder, barking all the way down. It paused, then leapt onto the lid of a dumpster and began to follow Baylor down the street, yapping.

"Shut up!" shouted Baylor. Those stupid rat-size dogs had always annoyed him. This one in particular really annoyed him.

The dog yapped again.

Baylor kicked the dog in the snout. The dog flew back and hit the wall ... and recalled that it was once a partner in a prestigious accounting firm. It also recalled that this was the man who screwed up his life ... and because he didn't have time to change his ways, he was now a stupid, drooling, flea-scarred animal.

So he fought back in the only way he knew: he tore into Baylor's leg.

Shocked and in pain, Baylor tried to shake the dog off his leg, but the dog held on tight with his teeth. Baylor fell to the ground and tried to detach the dog

by kicking him off. The dog held his leg a while longer, tearing it up with every snarl, then gave up and ran, hurt and sore, down the alley.

Baylor whipped a bunch of Burger King napkins out of his briefcase and tried to stop the bleeding. The dog had torn a large six-inch hole in his leg that was bleeding profusely. He shouted for help, looking around for anyone that could help him. He noticed the ravens again.

Suddenly, one of the ravens spotted him and recognized him. That in itself was peculiar, but what was even more peculiar was that this raven was formerly a senior accountant at Hereford, Dunning and Parker who had committed suicide and as punishment was forced to inhabit a bird.

The raven didn't recognize Baylor at first, but as he watched Baylor toss a blood-soaked napkin into a nearby trash masher, something jogged his memory.

Quickly, he flew off and gathered the other birds together.

"Hey!" Baylor was shouting to a woman who had peeked out of her third-story window. "Hey! Call

an ambulance! Can you hear me?"

She poked her head back into her apartment. Baylor was just about to shout again when he heard the flutter of wings above his head.

Suddenly, Baylor was hit with about a hundred pounds of raven guano.

"Again!" the raven-who-was-formerly-an-accountant shouted again in his raven way, as the thousands of ravens dived to attack again. Baylor covered his face in his hands as the ravens dived and swarmed and covered him with speckled droppings.

When the ambulance finally arrived, the droppings had nearly hardened and the wound was definitely infected. They had to amputate, and by the time Baylor left the hospital, another scheming junior accountant had managed to get him fired by forging his signature on a few important documents.

Jobless and penniless, thanks to the hospital bills, Baylor took to the streets and became a vagrant. He may eventually starve to death; no one will go near him because he smells of dog urine and is covered with bird crap.

Perspectives

By Dan Thomas

Their car barrels down the road.

Wearing a collared shirt with embroidery on the placket, the freckled boy steers, lights shining. She smiles, touching him, laughing and giggling; her hair whipping in the wind, teeth glowing in the night.

Their car whips through a turn.

The other boy in the back seat with sweaty palms, and a growing tree in his pants, begs her please. Over and over. She, the girl beside him, works annoyingly at her hair, with her small hands and painted nails; rainbow colored.

Their car flies through a light.

The boy driving, turns his head.
The girl laughing, stops touching him.
The other boy ends his begging.
The other girl's hand stops working.
They see another car filled with a father and his kids, all wide eyed, jaws dropped.

Their car spins wildly, around and around.

Dark tree tops, red street lights, cars,
cars, red street lights, dark tree tops,
dark tree tops, red street lights, cars.
Their eyes open as their car stops.
They look at each other, saying nothing,
then smile, big full face intoxicated smiles.

Their car continues down the road.

La Naranja



Graphic by Jose Lott

Moving On

By Stacey Luce

*We are no longer innocent.
We have experienced the pain.
We have suffered.
And we have survived.*

*Stronger,
we move on.*

*Now our fear is not of the unknown,
but of the known.
We see the shadows of our
footprints behind us,
and we move on,
more sure of our direction.*

Trapped

By Josh Lurie-Terrell

*All my thoughts
All my breath
All my virtues
All my sins*

*Are only for one thing
All my life
Is Only for someone else
All this time*

*I've been waiting
To find out who*

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THE UNIVERSITY REVIEW

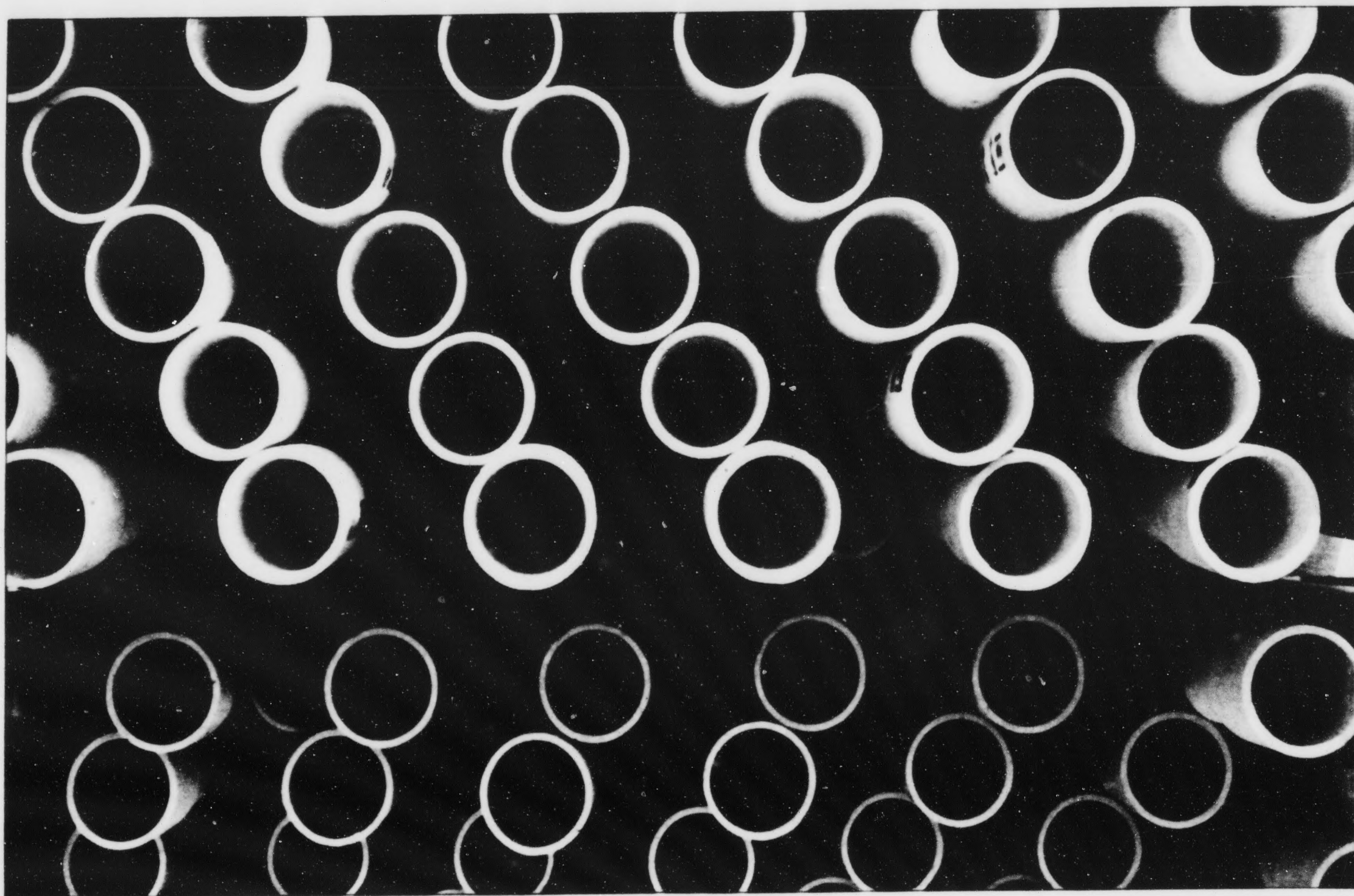


Photo by Carolyn Camilli

In the Beginning

By T.E. Shoemaker

In the beginning ... Ah Yes,
There was a beginning.
I was a person; we were a family.
Father, the patriarch, hardworking,
Fun-loving, and against
churchianity.
Mother, the religious one, loving,
caring,
And believing that the true church
would someday come into our lives.
Grandma, the matriarch, stern, devout,
always praying, and above all
else, always saved.

Brothers there were two, sisters there
was one, and ...
Ah yes, there was I.
I, the son, I, the grandson
I, the eldest of the children.
I, the good boy; I, the bad boy.
I, the saved; I, the unsaved.

I, who wanted to believe, but enjoyed
doubting so much.
I, the disobedient one, who found
disobedience so exciting.

I, who wanted to be a boy, carefree
and irresponsible, but impatient that
I was not born a man, always
fearing I may never become one.

In the beginning I suppose I was,
And I was only one.
Then came other "I's", which were
also me.

The primal I was called Thaddeus Eugene.
I was known by Gene to mother and
Grandmother, by Jim to Father
and most adult males, by Thaddeus
to some teachers, by Eugene to
others, by "Shoe" or "Shoey" to
classmates and friends.

But to me, I was uncertainty
and unreality.
I was confusion and contradiction.
I was unknowable and unfathomable.

Who of all the "I's" was I?
Suppose I knew the real I, would I
be happy with I?
Maybe I should know no matter the
consequences.

Maybe I shouldn't know, because how
was I to really know; who could
truly tell me who I was?

All this confusion in me so much,
all of these authorities outside of me
so different and so many.

Were these voices of angels? Or voices
of devils? Or just voices?
I listens carefully.
You were born to be saved. To work.
To serve God. To serve mankind.

You were born to be successful.
To be happy. To get married.
To have a family. To suffer. To
improve yourself. To make
the world a better place.

You were born to learn (but not too
much too soon).
You were born to grow. To develop.
To compete. To be strong. To fail.
To try. To succeed. You were
born to die.

You were born to love. To love your
parents. Your friends. Your fellow
beings. Your enemies.
Your wife, and her alone. Your
children — all children.
You were born to love the Church.
You were born to love God.

I says you're right, but which I
is speaking? Am I ever to
know which I am? And which I am
to become?

All the while, the other "I's" which
are also me are saying:
You weren't born to do anything,
or be anything, except what you
want to.

I doesn't want to work or to study.
I doesn't want to pray, particularly,
when I doesn't need to.
I doesn't want to try, because I
doesn't want to fail.

I wants to love and be loved.
But I doesn't want to hurt or be hurt.

Another I says: you're weird.
You're dumb. You're a sissy.
You're crazy. You're no good.

Another I asks: who was born to
love me? I wants to love me.
It's not permitted. I can't love
me.

I is unwanted, unloved, unprotected
I is confused. I gets lost.